greateſt ſorrow, my extremeſt bleeding; now my ſoule bleeds.

Huſ. How now? kinde to me? did not I wound thee, leaue thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, farre greater wounds did my breſt feele,
Vnkindneſſe ſtrikes a deeper wound then ſteele,
You haue beene ſtill vnkinde to me.

Huſ. Faith, and ſo I thinke I haue;
I did my murders roughly out of hand,
Deſperate and ſuddaine, but thou haſt deuiz'd
A fine way now to kill mee, thou haſt giuen mine eies
Seauen wounds a peece; now glides the diuell from
Me, departs at euery ioynt, heaues vp my nailes.
Oh catch him new torments, that were nere inuented
Binde him one thouſand more you bleſſed Angels,
In that bottomleſſe pit, let him not riſe
To make men acte vnnaturall tragedies,
To ſpread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his childrens executioners,
Murder his wife, his ſeruants, and who not?
For that man's darke, where heauen is quite forgot.

Wife. Oh my repentant husband.

Hu. My deare ſoule, whom I too much haue wrongd
For death I die, and for this haue I long'd.

Wife. Thou ſhouldſt not (be aſſured) for theſe faults
Die, if the law could forgiue as ſoone as I.

Children laid out.

Huſ. What ſight is yonder?

Wife, Oh, our two bleeding boyes

Laid

Laid foorth vpon the threſhold.

Huſ. Heer's weight enough to make a hart-f
Oh were it lawfull that your pretty ſoules
Might looke from heauen into your fathers eyes
Then ſhould you ſee the penitent glaſſes melt,
And both your murders ſhoote vpon my cheek
But you are playing in the Angels laps,
And will not looke on me,
Who void of grace, kild you in beggery.
Oh that I might my wiſhes now attaine,
I ſhould then wiſh you liuing were againe;
Though I did beg with you, which thing I feard,
Oh twas the enemy my eyes ſo bleard.
Oh would you could pray heauen me to forgiue,
That will vnto my end repentant liue.

wif. It makes me eene forget all other ſorrowe
And leaue part with this.

Officer. Come, will you goe?

Huſ. Ile kiſſe the bloud I ſpilt, and then Ile goe,
My ſoule is bloudied, well may my lips be ſo.
Farwell deere Wife, now thou and I muſt part,
I of thy wrongs, repent me with my heart.

Wife. Oh ſtay, thou ſhalt not goe.

Huſ. That's but in vaine, you ſee it muſt be ſo.
Farwell ye bloudy aſhes of my boyes,
My puniſhments are their eternall ioyes.
Let euery father looke well into my deeds,
And then their heirs may proſper, while mine blee

Exeunt Husband with Officers,

Wife. More wretched am I now in this diſtreſſe,